

KRS-One Lyrics

"We Are The Gods"

New books, new facts, new hooks, new tracks
New tools, new gats, you fools should move back
Original boom bap, mystery school rap
Within the Pythagorean harmonics crowds, I move that
Whos that? The one who rocks this mic and a thousand others
For further evidence, you can check this very album cover
I'm about to smother the ignorance out you motherfuckers
You sleepin on this Teacha, let me get you out them covers
No time for sleeping, no choking, stay awoken
African still beat when the stick's broken
I'm flowing, mind open, chakras glowing
I realize the all seeing being is all knowing
[?] clean, no interruption [?]
From heaven we came from, so to heaven we going
We the first agriculturalists, we reap what we sowing
Know who you are, not just what the TV's showing

I came to find you, we are the gods!
I came to remind you, we are the gods!
Don't let them blind you, we are the gods!
The truth is inside you, we are the gods!

Grow up, feed the needy, avoid the greedy
No one but us look like Akhenaten/Nefertiti
Not the painted bust of Nefertiti, but the Nefertiti
On the temple wall seen by all in Ancient graffiti
Heed me, 33 years ago, god freed me
Then she said she needed me to spit the truth for her weekly
Freely, easy open mics now don't teach me
My face gets sweaty, palms get all greasy
I start flashing shit, all you see is feces
Written shit, spitting shit, KRS a different species
This boy beast, he's slow and he's low
That is the tempo, when you know you know
Rappers come and go always claim they run the show til they feel that
Thunder blow, straight from the mother flow, gutter flow
Faced with bullshit, I spit the other flow, but bullshits a
Fertilizer, maybe they'll help these brothers grow, I don't know

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Queen mother, wake up. King father, wake up
You sleeping on this teaching, it's you I got to shake up
Wake em up, we the return of the Christ
Christ is not a man, it's a symbol of a community brought back to life

They got you looking for a red or white or blue savior
But here comes the black savior, Krishna gat blazer
Tongue sharp like that razor, original rap flavor
I speak in general terms cause I'm that major
Still got to paint you privately, don't lie to me
God is the Motorola mobilizing inside of me
My sheep know my voices, they choice and they flock to me
When knowledge reigns supreme, ignorance you not gon' see
Unite with me, and I'll unite with you
Don't fight with me, and I won't fight with you
Establish law, that's what we gotta do
The future's dependent on us, maybe this is not for you

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